

Real Estate MARKETPLACE

April 25, 1979.

Ballinafad

W.I.s entertains at Halton Manor

by Winfred Smith
Ballinafad WI made their annual visit to Halton Manor on Wednesday evening of last week, along with the neighboring Silverwood Branch. They entertained the residents but with special honors to those who had an April birthday. Silverwood looked after a gift for each and provided a nicely decorated cake for the occasion. Ballinafad was asked to look after the program.

The party got under way around 7 p.m. Mrs. Leo Jamieson was MC and called on the McEnery's, Jesse and Ernie with their fiddles, accompanied by Eileen at the piano for a few lively numbers. Grace McEnery gave two humorous readings. Paul Schwartz delighted all with his solo. Willa and Fred Shortill sang a duet.

Lille Given favoured with a solo and the Ballinafad Church men's choir were very generous as they sang several snappy numbers.

At different intervals, Mrs. Jamieson had some funny stories to tell which caused much merriment.

Due to the applause the seniors seemed delighted with the program.

During the serving of lunch, the McEnery orchestra kept the entertainment going with the old time music.

It was almost like an evening in summer on Friday night. Many residents from the village and those living in the area North of the Halton Hills Town line in Erin Township took advantage of the good weather to journey to Erin Village to witness the ribbon cutting ceremony at the opening

of the progressive conservative campaign headquarters. They were joined by a large number who came by bus. Perrin Beatty, M.P. and Mrs. Beatty were on hand to welcome all as well as his Campaign Manager Eleanor Taylor. Perrin Beatty is seeking reelection in the forthcoming Federal election in the riding of—Wellington-Dufferin-Simcoe. Sandwiches and coffee were served.

A good time was had at the Community Centre on Saturday evening dancing with music supplied by the Band of Gary Poot. There was lots of food as always when it's Pot Luck. Another dance has been planned for the Merry Month of May.

The children who came to Sunday School and Church on Sunday were delighted with the story Mr. Stiles told them as it had an added touch with the minister playing a tune on the mouth organ. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shortill added much to the service with their inspiring duet. The first Sunday in May will be the anniversary Service as Ballinafad Church begins the second century, its 101st Year.

There was some excitement on Saturday morning when the fire reels came tearing through the village. They turned the corner and across the town line to the Eighth Line. The fire was on the property formerly owned by the Pabst family. One of the barns was on fire and was completely burned down.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Lawr returned home on Saturday after spending a holiday in St. Petersburg, Florida.

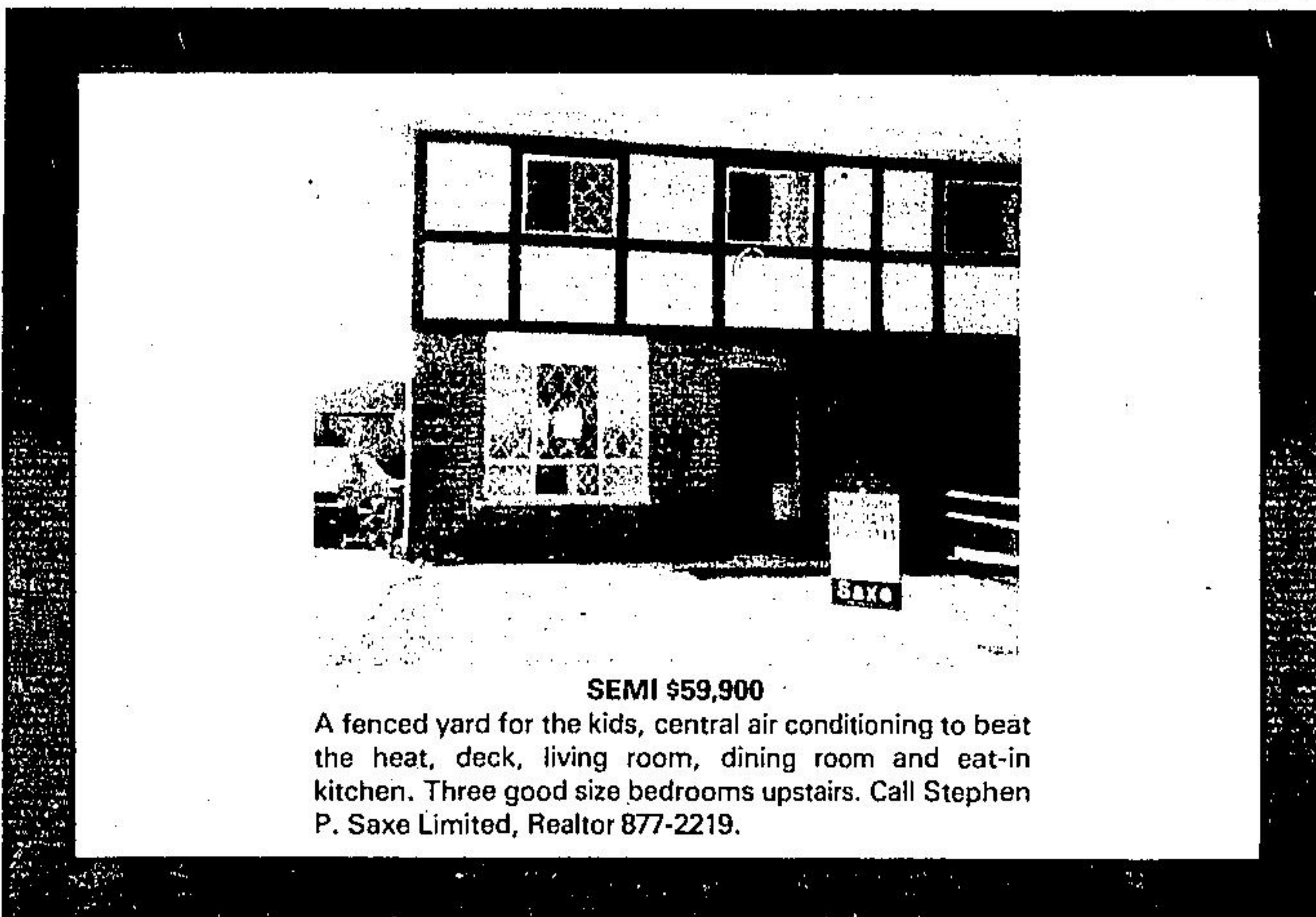
New offices to serve area

Official opening of combined Canada Pension Plan, Family Allowances and Old Age Security offices in Oakville is today (Wednesday).

The new facilities have been renamed "Income Security Programs District Offices".

The Oakville office services the regional municipalities of Halton and Peel which includes Milton, Brampton, Georgetown, Acton, Caledon, and the eastern part of Burlington.

At these "one stop service" offices residents will be able to obtain information and assistance concerning the following Income Security Programs: Canada Pension Plan (retirement pensions, disability benefits, survivor's benefits); Old Age Security pensions; Guaranteed Income Supplement; Spouse's Allowance; Family Allowances and the new Child Tax Credit.



SEMI \$59,900

A fenced yard for the kids, central air conditioning to beat the heat, deck, living room, dining room and eat-in kitchen. Three good size bedrooms upstairs. Call Stephen P. Saxe Limited, Realtor 877-2219.

Teaching school hardly a dull life

Don't ever try to tell me that teaching school is a dull life. Oh, it can be pretty gruelling, not to mention gruesome, in Jan. and Feb. But once we get that March break behind us, the whole scene blooms like a riotous garden in May.

For one thing, it's spring. And as you walk around the halls of a high school, trying to pry apart couples who are so tightly grooved that you're afraid they're going to cave in a row of lockers, you can't help thinking you were born 20 or 30 years too soon.

For another, the cursed snow and ice have gone, or almost, and you know there are only 10 or 11 weeks of martyrdom left until you walk out of that show factory, (which most modern schools resemble) and kiss it goodbye for eight weeks.

Then, in the spring, all kinds of things pop up. The drama festival. The teachers vs. students hockey game, in which an assortment of pedants, from nearly 60 down to the late 20s in age, pit their long-gone skills against a group of kids in their prime, who would dearly love to cream the math teacher who failed them in the March exams, or the English teacher who objected gently to their use of four-letter words in essays.

As I write, our school is bubbling with excitement. First of all, our custodians are on strike. This gets the kids all excited, and rumours fly about the school being closed, and free holiday. Then their faces drop a foot when they're told they may be going to school in July, to make up for lost time. And they start cleaning up after themselves, instead of leaving it all to the janitors, as they usually do, and hope the strike will be over tomorrow. They don't give a diddle about the issues in the strike. They are practical. They want to be out of here on the first possible day in June. Don't blame them. It's human nature.

For the teachers, who generally respect the caretakers, it is an object lesson in how important are the latter—the guys who sweep the floors, vacuum the rugs, wash the windows, and generally do the hard and dirty work of keeping the school

by
Bill
Smiley



spruce and sparkling. As an old floor-scrubber and lavatory-cleaner, from the first job I ever had, I perhaps respect them more than anyone.

Unlike other countries, like England, where unions are closely knitted, we cross the picket line and go to work, however much we respect and sympathize. If we don't, we're fired. Simple as that. But we are forbidden, by our union, to do any of their work, such as emptying a wastebasket, sweeping a floor. Sort of fun.

But the really big excitement among our staff, at least the males on it, is the shuffle-board tournament. Oh, I don't mean the outdoor kind, where elderly people push with a pronged stick a plate-like object.

No this is the kind you find in taverns across the land: guys with a beer in one hand and a two-dollar bill in the other, shouting their bets through the smoke.

We don't have beer in our staff room, but we do have a shuffle-board table. It's no frill from the school board. A staff member built it, and the rest of us bought it from him. It's the greatest relaxer in the world, after teaching four classes in a row the great truths of the world to 120 kids, 90 per cent of whom are about as interested as an aardvark.

Shuffle-board is to curling what dirty pool is to English billiards. Curling is a gentleman's game, theoretically, where you shake hands with the winners, and both teams sit down for a drink and discuss the fine points of the game. The spectators are either behind glass or up in the stands,

where they politely applaud a good shot and groan with sympathy when someone makes a near miss. Something like a cricket match, with good manners as important as winning.

Shuffle-board is a game where you walk away after losing, face red with rage at your stupid partner, who missed a key shot. I have never seen any hand-shaking, but have heard a lot of muttering. The spectators constantly heckle and offer coaching tips designed to destroy the player's concentration. "Put a guard on it. No, draw around it. Tap yours up. Draw deep. Play safe and cut them down." etc. There is universal delight among the watchers when a great player misses an easy shot, and reluctant grunts of appreciation when a poor player makes a brilliant shot.

Out-psyching the opponent is a vital part of the game. Just as he is about to shoot, you lean far over to blow away an imaginary speck of dust, hiding the rock he is shooting at, with your tie.

You always blurt, "Don't miss it now," just as he is about to make game shot. And he frequently does. It sounds like foul play, and it is. But it can be hilarious.

Shuffle-board brings out the absolute worst in characters who are normally considered to be people of integrity. As played in our staff-room, it is not a game for those who believe in winning in a gentlemanly fashion. They wind up with ulcers and don't sleep nights.

In our type shuffle-board, the mighty can fall, and the turkeys become eagles. I teamed up with another venerable gentleman, both of us former prisoners-of-war (on opposite sides), and we showed some of those young punks who were in their diapers while we were trying to make a better world for them.

We came out of eight games with four wins, 500, the best I've ever hit in my life. And if that dummy Hackstetter hadn't missed his draw in the fifth game and bumped the opposition up for five, we'd have won the tournament.